

could win for Yale now. Her rowing method, it is not her men, were out-climbed. Down the river the victors began to beat.

The Harvard crew, swinging back and forth in beautiful union, were apparently out for a practice spin. Yale lagged behind, all in, wobbly, swaying in their seats, each hanging on to the last of old Yale grit.

At three miles Harvard was rowing at a snail's pace, and it was not until it was no longer a race. It was a merry procession and Harvard's boat slipped along in smooth fashion, her crewmen swaying with the stroke. In Yale's the coxswain sat rigid as a wooden man, and it must have been something like riding a bailing trough.

The 12th drove as hard as they could to the finish line, crossing forty seconds or ten feet longer behind the victors. Just to show how fresh they felt Harvard's men snapped the stroke up to 42 to the minute in the last short spurt, driving full speed under the bridge and finishing fresh and strong.

Yale men held up until the line was crossed, when 4, 7, and stroke, Phillips, Lippincott and Crocker, collapsed and dozed over their seats. The whole Yale crew was pumped out and none of the men were in a serious condition, and two minutes after the finish all were sitting up.

#### YALE MEN ALMOST EXHAUSTED AT FINISH LINE.

It was the most decisive victory ever scored by Harvard at New London. Yale had no chance even to head the swift Harvard crews in any one of the day's three races.

The best showing made by the Blue was in the freshman race. There, it is said, the Cambridge freshmen received instructions to take the lead and hold it by a mile margin, neither showing all they had nor letting their rowing enthusiasm lead them into rowing themselves out while trying to win by a great distance. Toward the end of the race Yale's stroke dropped to 26. She had started at 30.

An hour before race time the clouds rolled away and the sun beat down on New London and the Thames through a thin haze. There was little wind, and what there was blew across the river. The water was smooth. From noon on the late arrivals, who had skipped the morning races, began coming in by special train and automobile. Thousands of machines covered with dry mud from the country roads thronged through the streets of the New England town. Each machine was well filled. Tickets in the observation train rose in price to \$12 each. The hotel clerks had a few and spectators in the lobby did a rushing business as long as the pasteboards held out.

The showing of the Yale crews in the morning races killed whatever betting there might have been on the variety. Harvard was so easily in both events that Yale confidence ebbed to low tide.

#### HARVARD THE FASHIONABLE COLOR BEFORE BIG RACE.

Everywhere in the streets Harvard's colors waved. Each Harvard man wore a long red feather in his hatband. Harvard flags fluttered along the sidewalks. Crimson confetti filled the air. Along the river banks the scene was bright with clear weather colors. The gray drizzle of the morning was forgotten.

The assembled crowd was on the ground ready to see the start. All along the river, for two miles up to the bridge, lay yachts in two long lines, anchored and moored how to stern. Within the lines of the larger craft the motorboats huddled wherever there was a chance to get a glimpse of the course.

It was a crude oil and gasoline day on the Thames. The old time steam races were all there, but hundreds of the new motor yachts, with their sleek and modern lines, were a new sight. The air was as clear as crystal. The motor and small power yacht display was the finest ever seen on the river. Bunting was everywhere, crimson and blue trying to out-ride one another.

A heavy rain began to fall half an hour before the Yale and Harvard races. It was a relief to the spectators. The breeze, which had been a light breeze, was now a brisk one. The Yale crew, which had been a light breeze, was now a brisk one. The Harvard crew, which had been a light breeze, was now a brisk one.

At 8:45 the start popped and the four-mile race was on. Yale held the best of the start. Jumping several feet ahead, for the first quarter Yale held her own. Then the Harvard crew, rowing an easy stroke, began to pull steadily ahead. At the half mile Harvard had gained a length.

At the mile there was a half boat's length between the crews. Then Yale tried to spurt. Harvard, rowing 30 strokes, slowly gained. At a mile and a half Harvard led by two and a half boat lengths. Harvard was rowing without evident effort, and the Yale crew, rapidly falling back, hitting the stroke up to 24, began to splash.

At the last hundred yards Harvard suddenly whipped the stroke up to forty and leaped away from the struggling Yale.

Harvard swept across the finish line fully 40 feet in the lead. This was

the first demonstration of English rowing since Latham beat Harvard at Krum's elbow years ago.

ENGLISH STROKE NEARLY PUT CREW OUT OF COMMISSION.

At the end of the race Harvard's men rowed as if after a practice spin. While the four Yale rowers doubled up in their boats and drifted for ten minutes before they could row on to the quarters. They were entirely out by the wasteful English stroke.

The main problem of the day was only to come down more heavily in the end. Few spectators were to be seen on the river banks and even the observation trains were only half filled.

After the variety four race the trains returned to the bridge to take in the start of the freshmen.

The freshmen crews were slow in starting. Harvard's eight lay at the mark ten minutes waiting for Yale's boat to come over. At last the heavy rain divided to a drizzle again and Yale rowed to the mark after tossing sweaters into a launch.

As Yale reached the starting mark Harvard's freshmen rowed away to let Yale wait in turn. It was chilly. Harvard came back slowly to the Crispin point and stopped for action. Then the Harvard crew rowed up fifty yards again. On the coaching launch Miss Yale, Yale's building, yelped dismayed and the crowd in the cars on the bridge laughed.

The pistol banged at 10:22 and at once Harvard swept into the lead. At half a mile Harvard led by 14 of a length, and from there to the mile flag she showed a stroke of 34, and steadily increased the lead. At the mile Harvard had a quarter length of open water, and Yale began a desperate spurt.

The spectators yelled lustily, "Yale, Yale, Yale; go on Yale." Yale seemed to respond. The Yale crew rowed up steadily till her bow at 11:2 miles lapped over six feet of Harvard's stern.

There Yale hung on, but once past the flag Harvard increased her stroke from the 34 to 36 and slowly pulled up a length and a half ahead, which was her lead on passing the finish mark.

The United States dispatch boat Dolphin, with Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels aboard, has anchored just above the bridge, near Vincent Astor's home.

#### MONEY WON'T BUY EVEN GOT IN HOTELS.

New London had its annual wealthful spell. All the lights were glimmering through the rain. Crowds moved up and down the main street. The hotel corridors were jammed with new arrivals. Everywhere could be heard the voices of the impatient beggars for sleeping accommodations.

The old Crocker, famous resort of summer and rowing partisans for many years, was full as a beehive in swarming time. Up the street the New London hotel was a scene of confusion. The boats and cars, jammed and bunched, were everywhere.

Everywhere there were Harvard and Yale men, and Harvard and Yale families, and friends and close and distant acquaintances, and people who just knew Harvard or Yale by reputation, and who came out of sheer curiosity to see the annual event.

#### ENGLISH COACHING SYSTEM IS CRITICIZED.

All along the line the chief subject of conversation was the new English coaching system in vogue at Yale. And the consensus of opinion is that young Mr. Harriman was handed one of these coaching products, of the citrus belt when he went over to England with the long bankroll.

"It's this way," said a famous member of former championship crew, "everywhere in the Yale outfit today you see English. The boats are English. The rig is English. The oars were English."

"Counsell never taught anything like that, and he's the best coach at the American style of rowing. Counsell teaches a natural stroke. He tries to save his boys and show them how to put all of their strength in driving the boat ahead. With the American stroke the boat is shot along with little rise and fall and no wave except at the bow."

"Why, a first-class single sculler could go out right now and hold the Yale variety eight over a mile course. The men themselves feel discouraged by the poor time trials."

Yale and Harvard have met in 41 variety races. It is a curious thing that Harvard and Yale have won twenty-three each since 1888, so today's race will give Harvard a chance to go ahead, and Yale is fighting to hold the lead she had for so many years.

The four-mile race has been contested at New London since 1888 and the record for the course has not been broken since Yale won it in 1888. The record time is 20 minutes 10 seconds. Last year Harvard, with a cracking crew, rowed 1 minute 26 seconds slower than that.

#### A PANTHEON ARROW.

"(From the Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Though you can never be mine," he said when they parted. "Remember that I shall always be waiting if you ever need a friend."

"Thank you," she replied, "but I hope you will never find it necessary to call on you, have more money in your pocket than you have ever seemed to have in the past."

## GIRL'S CIGARETTE CAUSES HER DEATH ON BLAZING BED

Falls Asleep Smoking and Wakes in Flames, Beyond Aid of Doctors.

### BEATS OFF RESCUERS.

Madly Races About Room in Torture Till Agony Robs Senses.

Miss Katherine Breen, nineteen years old, of No. 56 Paterson street, told in the Paterson General Hospital to-day how her habit of smoking a cigarette in bed before she went to sleep resulted in terrible burns which had made her body practically one great wound. A few minutes later she died.

The girl said that last night she lay in bed putting a cigarette in her mouth. She must have fallen asleep, for the next she knew she awoke with her skin scorching.

Miss Breen's bed was a mass of flames which licked about her on all sides. Her nightgown had been partly burned away and her skin was blistered. The girl hurried herself from bed, uttering shrieks which aroused her mother and sister in the house.

When rescuers entered the room Miss Breen was running blindly about in torture. What remained of the girl's nightgown was being consumed rapidly and the flames from it were leaping up about her face and head. Her hair was on fire and her body was scorched and blackened. In her frenzy Miss Breen beat off those who would have aided and dashed madly about the room, shrieking.

From the bed rose other flames and a blaze started in the carpet and furniture. At last the girl was thrown to the floor, unconscious then, and was carried to another room, while those in the house quenched the fire in the bed and the other furniture.

A cell hastily brought an ambulance. Miss Breen was rushed to the hospital and put in a bath of oil. She was terribly burned, however, and it was hours before she regained consciousness for a moment.

As her home it has been supposed that an upset kerosene lamp had started the blaze. In snapping sentences she told of the fatal cigarette. Then she lapsed again into unconsciousness, from which the doctors failed to resuscitate her.

## COURT RULES HARRIGAN MUST STAY IN SING SING.

Appellate Division Upholds Conviction of Policeman for Perjury in Gift Case.

John J. Harrigan, former plain clothes man in the Sixth Inspection District and Police Inspector Dennis Sweeney's confederate, will have to serve his sentence of from two to a half to four and a half years in Sing Sing Prison for perjury.

The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, in its justice concurring, this afternoon affirmed a decision, upholding the decision of the jury which convicted Sweeney's confederate.

Harrigan was convicted because he swore before the John Doe Grand Jury that he did not carry \$500 from Sweeney to Police Captain Walsh. This \$500 was part of the money raised by Inspectors Huxley, Thompson, Murphy and Sweeney to bribe George A. Sling, proprietor of the Baltic Hotel, to flee from New York when he was wanted as a witness against Policeman Eugene Fox, who later confessed he was a bribe collector for Sweeney.

## CAPT. LANTRY SHIFTED.

Waldo Shifts Former Tammany Leader's Brother to Staten Island.

A police shift thought by those acquainted with the internal workings of the department to have a political significance was announced to-day by Police Commissioner Waldo. Capt. John J. Lantry, for a long time in charge of the Arsenal at Central Park, was transferred to Stapleton Precinct, Staten Island, and Capt. James J. Shevlin, on duty at Stapleton, took Lantry's place at the Arsenal.

Lantry is a brother of Francis J. Lantry, former Fire Commissioner and Tammany leader, whose name was recently placarded on Long Acre Square as a member of a club that had started a movement to nominate District Attorney Whitman for the Mayoralty.

## ATTACKS HAVEMEYERS.

Becomes Suddenly Insane as They End Visit With Friends.

RICHMOND, Va., June 20.—Before leaving to-day for their home at Arlington on the Hudson John F. Havemeyer and his daughter, Miss Helen Havemeyer, who have been visiting in the home of Thomas L. Moore at Moreland, ten miles from Richmond, in Henric County, had an exciting experience with an insane woman.

Barth Jackson, colored nurse, became suddenly insane, as a result of her unrequited affection for the butler and ran amuck through the house, threatening the lives of the occupants.

With great difficulty she was subdued and brought to Richmond in an automobile. On the way to the city she repeatedly tried to leap from the machine.

## Sunday World "Wants"

Work Monday Wonders.

## Woman of Mystery Insane, Says Lawyer; Stole Purse In Church for Baby's Sake



"MRS. RANDOLPH FITZHUGH" (PHOTOGRAPHED IN COURT YESTERDAY)

Mrs. Fitzhugh a Southern Woman of Education and Breeding—Will Ask Court to Send Her Back Home.

Much of the mystery surrounding the identity of "Mrs. Randolph Fitzhugh," the young woman awaiting sentence on a charge of church theft, was explained away to-day. She pleaded guilty last Monday to stealing a gold mesh purse valued at \$60 from Miss Dorothy Fisk, daughter of Philip Fisk, the banker, in St. Bartholomew's Church. When she comes up before Judge Swann next Wednesday for sentence she probably will be allowed to withdraw her plea.

C. M. Fulton, a Washington, lawyer and friend of her family, has come to New York to aid her and has been in consultation with the District Attorney and Court, to whom it is understood he told the prisoner's life story.

"Mrs. Fitzhugh" is a Southern woman of education and breeding. She was Catherine Fennell of Staunton, Va., and the Randolphs and Fitzhughs are relatives on her mother's side. Her connections on her father's side are equally prominent in the South, and include the McKims and Ashbys.

At the age of fourteen Miss Fennell was a belle and had many suitors. She was engaged with the consent of her parents at the age of sixteen, but a few months before the date set for the wedding was stricken with typhoid fever, and for weeks was near death.

## GRAZED BY ILLNESS, TEN YEARS IN ASYLUM.

During her convalescence she got the delusion that she was to die, and that her fiancé should die with her, so they would not be separated. She continued to improve, however, and was well along on the road to recovery when her sweetheart drove over from the neighboring town where he lived to spend the week end.

She seemed to be her natural self, and was happy to see him. After dinner the couple went to the library. Then she suddenly walked out into the garden, slipped back with an axe and tried to brain him with it. When her family ran in she was kneeling beside her fiancé, whispering:

"We shall depart together. We shall go away forever together."

The young man finally recovered from the blow, but the girl's mind had given way, and she was sent to the Staunton Asylum, where she remained for ten years. The authorities said she was cured and she was released in 1911.

Her father, mother and brother had gone insane in the meantime. It is said, partly from shock over her case and partly from a hereditary taint. She had no home when she was discharged from the institution and went to Washington to live with a married sister.

She there met a young lawyer in the Government employ and fell in love with him. Her sister warned her against him, but she persisted. The girl, then twenty-four, to elope with him to Baltimore. They went through what she supposed was a marriage ceremony and returned to Washington, where her sister refused to have anything further to do with her.

## PASSENGERS SCARED AS SAFETY DEVICE STALLS MOVING TRAIN AT BRIDGE.

Croton Local Brought to Sudden Halt Just Beyond Mott Haven When Mechanism Goes Wrong.

With the recent wreck on the New Haven in their minds, passengers who crowded the four-car Croton Local of the New York Central, due in the Grand Central at 2:50 o'clock this afternoon, were frightened when the train came to a halt just beyond the Mott Haven station and close to the bridge over the Harlem River with a great jolting and much noise.

The third car, it appeared, had caught on an automatic derail, which was out of order. Its province is to derail a train in case it is driven past the signal when the drawbridge is open. How the motor and two cars passed it without being caught is a mystery to railroad men.

There was a delay of eleven minutes until a new train was sent along on an adjoining track and the passengers, none of whom was hurt beyond a shaking up, were transferred to it and carried to the terminal. The track was tied up for several hours while wreckers got the train back on the tracks. It had run over the tie for about a car length.

## GILDER AND THE GIRLS.

(From the Commerce (Ga.) Observer.)

Older Webb, one of Commerce's handsomest young men, and an ardent lover of fair maidens, was in Nicholson scattering sunshine and happiness on Sunday. He declared that the immortal writer who penned the words, "In the springtime a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love," had his wisdom with him.

## HUNT WORLD'S WORST "BAD MAN," CAPTURE MIDGET, FOUR FEET SIX

At That, Little Eddie Foye Will Be Deported Because His "Auld Woman Squealed."

Edwin Foye, a diminutive Scotsman not five feet tall, who lives at No. 217 West Fourteenth street, has a burden on his shoulders to-day heavier than any had on a forty-foot ladder. As soon as he proved to the satisfaction of the Headquarters Identification sharpshooters that he was not a famous murderer and international crook he was turned over to the immigration authorities for deportation as a one-time stayaway and back to Scotland by the first ship he goes.

"A well-a-well 'tis a wee-man at the bottom of it," little Eddie sighed when he had heard the worst. "Tis the scot o' a wife a' playin' her and tricks on me."

Here is the strange story of Little Eddie Foye, the bad carrier: Not long ago an anonymous letter to the District Attorney told of one Edwin Foye, the notorious Scottish crook and murderer for whom warrants are out in a dozen lands, who was at large in New York. He should be apprehended, the letter went on, because he was the most dangerous man on five continents. Detectives Phelan and Upton were set on the trail of this man-killer and to-day they found him, peacefully carrying a hod at the new Adams Express Building under construction at No. 61 Broadway.

They had gone on their search armed. When they found Eddie was four feet six inches tall, with mild blue eyes, they took their hands off their eyeglasses.

At Headquarters Little Eddie fell so far short of the brutal proportions of the real Edwin Foye that even Jimmy Dunn, the master, was moved to roars of laughter.

Eddie told a sad story. He had come to New York as a stay-away in 1905, he said, and had married. His wife found a handsome man, however, and when he objected she had revealed the secret of how he got into the country to the immigration authorities and he was deported. His wife went to Scotland, too, trying to get a divorce. But he learned that she could not show good grounds for a divorce unless her husband was a felon. Then, he says, she and her lover "framed" poor Eddie and he was arrested with stolen goods in his possession and sent to prison.

Upon his release he again stowed away on a ship to New York and was working to get enough money to take him to Cincinnati, where his oldest daughter is living. When the "auld woman" showed up again.

"It pays to advertise," Judge Foster remarked, "that it pays to advertise. If the story of this man's privation had not been printed in the newspapers he would not have been the recipient of these offers of employment and cash."

Judge Foster suspended sentence upon Whitman, who had pleaded guilty to the crime. He will go to work for a firm in Brooklyn.

## MUNICIPAL SALOONS AUTHORIZED BY VOTE.

Half the Profits Used for Good Roads; Town Gets Other Half.

SISSETON, S. D., June 20.—Commencing July 1, Sisseton will have the nearest approach to a municipal saloon of any town in South Dakota. The licenses for two saloons to which the town is entitled, were granted to W. E. Hollenbeck by popular vote.

Hollenbeck will conduct the business on unique lines. He will work on a salary of \$5,000 a year and the profits of the business will be divided as follows:

Fifty per cent. to the county good roads fund, and the remaining fifty per cent. to the city treasury. The daily receipts of the saloon will be turned over to two leading citizens, under whose control the business will be conducted. The name of the city will not appear in any of the transactions of the saloon.

## LONDON HORSE SHOW PRIZES

Americans Take Second Place in Two Classes.

LONDON, June 20.—At the international horse show at Olympia there was a slightly better attendance to-day. Judge W. H. Moore of Philadelphia won second prize in Class 15 for novice tandem not exceeding 15 hands, in which he was represented by Best and Reuben.

F. Sumner Draper of Boston obtained second prize with Nimbus in Class 16 for novice single harness horses over 15 and not exceeding 15-1 hands.

## 10 SHOT IN SCHOOL, THREE ARE DEAD, OTHERS MAY DIE

Apparently Demented Man With Six Loaded Revolvers Invades Bremen Institution.

BREMEN, Germany, June 20.—A teacher in a Catholic school and two children were shot dead, another teacher and three children gravely wounded and three other children slightly injured to-day by a former teacher named Schmidt.

Schmidt had six loaded revolvers and carried a quantity of extra cartridges when he started a fusillade among the class.

Two or three killed were little girls. The teacher, Herr Molman, attempting to disarm the madman, was fatally shot. The madman then ran to a window and, with well directed shots, wounded six boys at play in the school yard.

The man then ran from the building in an attempt to escape, but was caught by a mob who almost beat him to death before the police rescued him and locked him in a cell.

Six revolvers and 20 cartridges were found in the man's pockets and papers on him bore the name of Erich Schmidt. The man was said to be a demented Russian.

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## PERKINS BELIEVES UNCLE SAM WILL SEND HIM TO JAIL

Bitterly Assails the Course of the Government in Harvester Trust Inquiry.

CHICAGO, June 20.—In a statement to-day after he had undergone a severe examination in the hearing of the Government suit against the International Harvester Company, George W. Perkins, former partner of the late J. P. Morgan, declared his belief that he would be indicted and prosecuted for criminal violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

"I firmly believe that I am on my way to the penitentiary," said the financier, after he had left the witness stand, where he engaged in an all-morning tilt with Edward V. Grover, chief Government prosecutor. "That is the policy of the American Government toward its corporations. It discourages industry and enterprise and believes in killing the men who created its industries."

Perkins, who was the moving spirit behind the gigantic merger that resulted in the formation of the International Harvester Company, declared over and over again in the hearing before the Special Examiner Taylor to-day that the corporation was formed for the purpose of capturing the foreign trade in Harvester products, and not to monopolize the business in America. To capture that foreign trade, he said, it was necessary to make loans to peasant farmers in Europe and to make these loans it was necessary to form a big corporation to get financial backing.

"The Government has charged a mass of corruption here," he said. "They amazed me by not calling me to the stand as the author of this corruption, and then when I am called by the defense they take advantage of me and question me indignantly. They have tried to create a record for my criminal indictment and trial."

He differed sharply with President Taft, under whose administration this prosecution was begun, but he could not attribute this unfair attack to political or personal motives. "I don't think my connection with the Progressive party had anything to do with the beginning of this suit, or the vindictive spirit of the Government."

Special Prosecutor Grover, for the Government, made a brief comment after Perkins had left the stand. "We have proven our case by his testimony," he said. "We have proven that the International controls 80 per cent. of the output of agricultural implements in this country."

## DR. WILEY CALLS IT A LIE.

Food Expert Did Not Agree to Aid Beet Sugar Interests.

BOSTON, Mass., June 20.—Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly chief chemist at Washington, to-day denied that he made a proposition to deliver fifty lectures for the United States Beet Sugar Producers' Association, as stated in a letter purporting to have been written by Henry T. Oxnard, vice-president of the American Beet Sugar Company. "It is a lie," said Dr. Wiley. "It is true that after I left the Government service and was considering propositions to earn a livelihood I was approached by a representative of the Beet Sugar Growers' Association. I never accepted the proposal. I found that the proposition had been misrepresented to me. The charge that I had agreed to deliver a series of lectures in the Middle West in the June preceding the national conventions of 1918 is an absolute falsehood."

Dr. Wiley had been asked to drop from the rear of the wagon on which he was stealing a ride, Thomas F. Winter, eight years old, of No. 418 East One Hundred and Sixty-third street, ran in front of an automobile to-day on Brook avenue, Bronx, and was probably fatally injured.

## WALL STREET

MARKET CLOSING.—In the last hour the market rallied about one point, but sagged off in the last few minutes, closing at 104 1/2 to 105 points below yesterday's last price.

Stocks opened from 1/2 to 1 1/4 points off from yesterday's close. Canadian Pacific closed at 113 1/4 and opened at 117, receding to 114 1/2, while Atchafalaya, American Can and Amalgamated Copper yielded 1/4 point. Pennsylvania and St. Paul were the exceptions, both opening with advances of 1/4 point, with very little demand.

Shortly before 11 o'clock a sudden selling movement started with pressure against the active stocks, which declined about a point before the pressure relaxed, and the market lapsed into a dull, lifeless period, with only a feeble attempt to rally around noon.

The market remained featureless, prices fluctuating within a narrow range at slight advances from the lower level established in the forenoon; renewed selling was met at every attempt to